Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowtes i'th hams?

Band. Who, *Mounsier Veroles*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Band. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Band. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes coming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willinly, despice, profit where, you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, make pitty in your louers sildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinon a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I had bargaind for the ioynt,

Band. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Band. Who should deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Band. *Boult*, spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. When Nature framed this peece, she ment thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly inclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Band. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, knives sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpose.

Band. What haue we to do with *Diana*? pray you goe with vs. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peece of slaughter,
The sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ile giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in blood then vertue, yet a Princesse to equall any single Crowne of the earth, in the iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, nor euen to preserue, she dide at night Ile say so, who can crosse it, vnlesse you pray the Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry out she dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath heauens, the Gods do like this worst.

Dionzia. Be one of those that thinkes the pretty wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who euer, but his approbation added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dionzia. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22338) LONDON, 1630 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (H.28.e.19) Octavo